

ULTIMATE X-MEN

ISSUE

16

WORLD TOUR: PART 1

MARVEL

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MIKI



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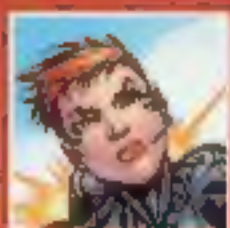


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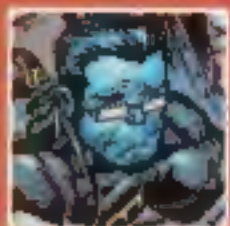
16



Professor
Charles Xavier



Marvel Girl
(Jean Grey)



Beast
(Hank McCoy)



Wolverine
(Logan)

ULTIMATE X-MEN

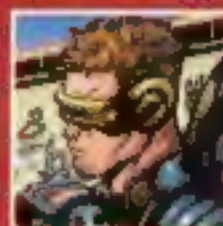
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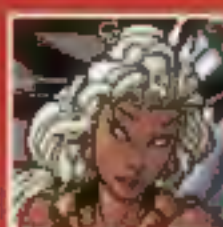
PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER TO BRIDGE THE GAP BETWEEN MAN AND MUTANT: CYCLOPS, MARVEL GIRL, STORM, ICEMAN, BEAST, COLOSSUS, WOLVERINE. THEY ARE THE X-MEN, SOLDIERS FOR XAVIER'S DREAM OF PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE. BUT NOW THIS DREAM MUST SLOWLY BE FORGED INTO REALITY.

THE X-MEN ACCOMPANY XAVIER AS HE EMBARKS ON A WORLDWIDE PROMOTIONAL TOUR FOR HIS NEW BOOK. HOWEVER, AS THEY ARE STILL STUDENTS, THE X-MEN WILL REQUIRE SCHOOLING EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE NOW OUTSIDE THE CONFINES OF THE CLASSROOM. THEIR LESSONS NOW TAKE THE FORM OF REAL WORLD ADVENTURES WHERE THEY ARE CHALLENGED TO USE THEIR MUTANT POWERS TO SAVE LIVES.

MEANWHILE, OFF THE COAST OF SCOTLAND, TROUBLE IS BREWING ON MUIR ISLAND, AN ISLE SHROUDED IN SECRETS AND MYSTERY.



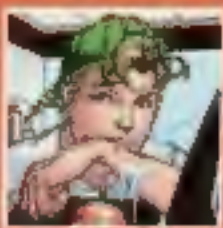
Cyclops
(Scott Summers)



Storm
(Ororo Munroe)



Colossus
(Peter Rasputin)



Iceman
(Bobby Drake)

Miller

Kubert

Miki

Land's End, Scotland:



Eliopoulos Stewart Smith Macchio Quesada Jemas



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This isn't our job, by the way. Ordinary police shouldn't even be *handling* this mental stuff.



Some Norwegian lad trying to smuggle in a wee bit of dope is *one* thing, but this boat hails from *Muir Island*, boys. I'm not getting *paid* enough to handle *runaway mutants*.

He's a nineteen year old *boy*, man. He's been sick since he was *thirteen* and we've got our *instructions*. What could *possibly* go wrong?



Aw, for God's sake.

Radio Doctor MacTaggart at the hospital and tell her the crew he attacked are *dead*, lads.



There's no sign of her boy *anywhere*.



I'm in here, you clown, although God knows how much longer this stupid old body's going to last me!

Sergeant! Over here! One of them's still alive!



God almighty! He's jumped inside the Professor! Fall back and shield your eyes, boys! Remember what the doctor told us!



Now c'mon, David. Let's be sensible about this, young man.

We both know you're not going to last twenty-four hours away from your mother's hospital, so let's not make this any more difficult than it has to be, eh?



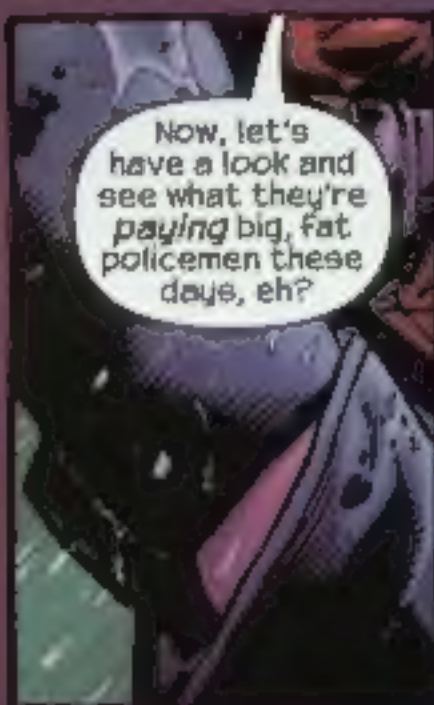
Well, that's still about twenty-four hours more than you and your pale, fat man.

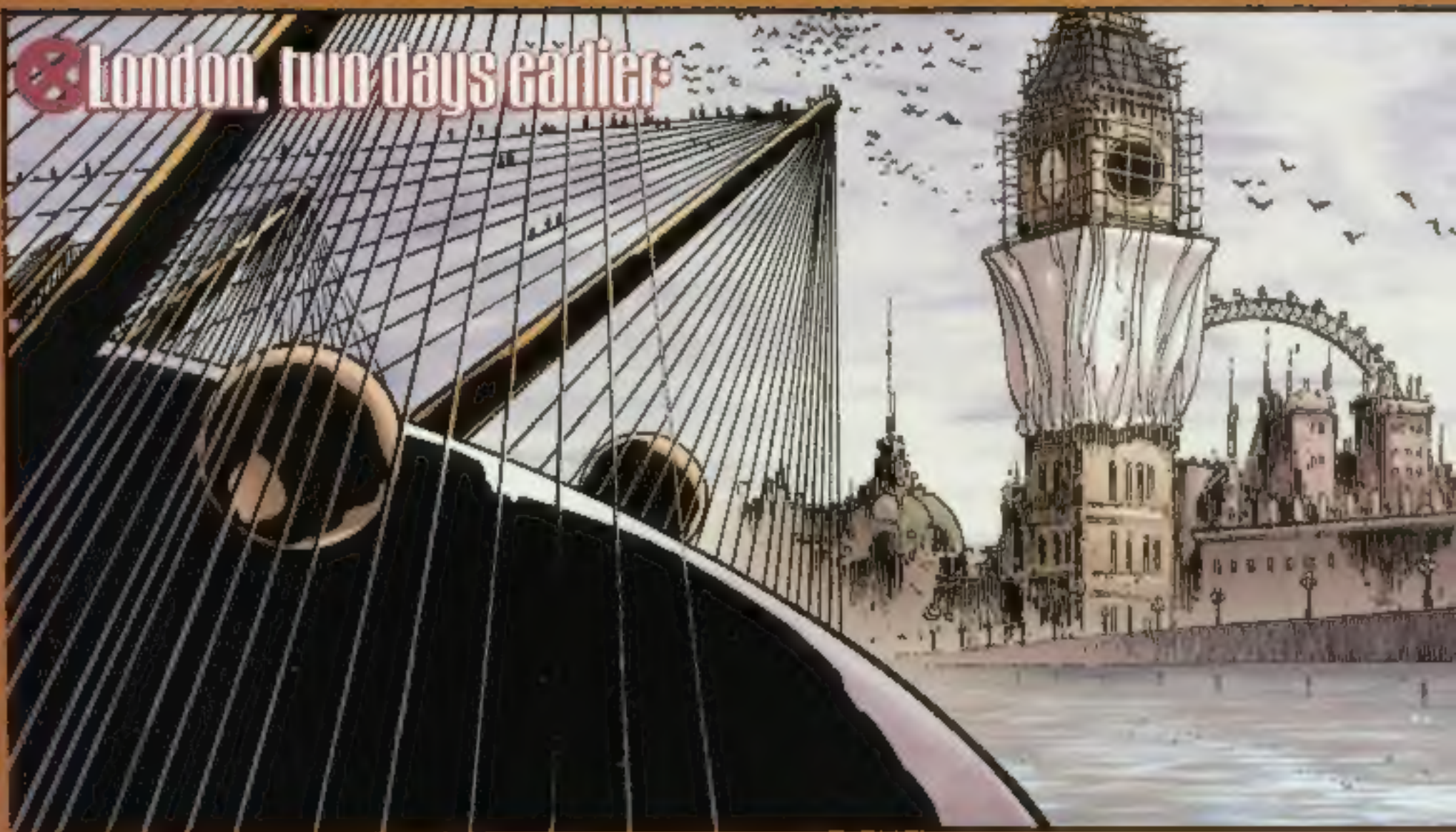


What?









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X-Men

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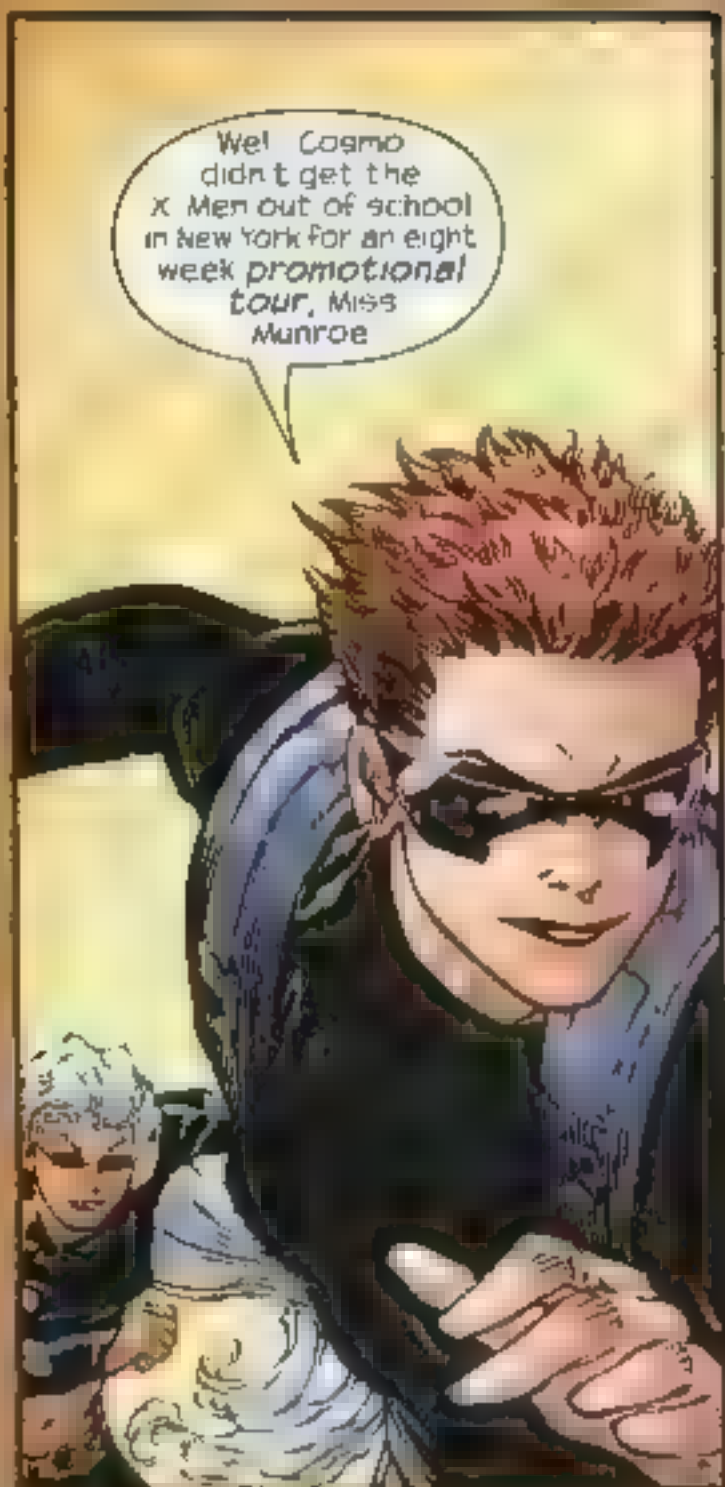
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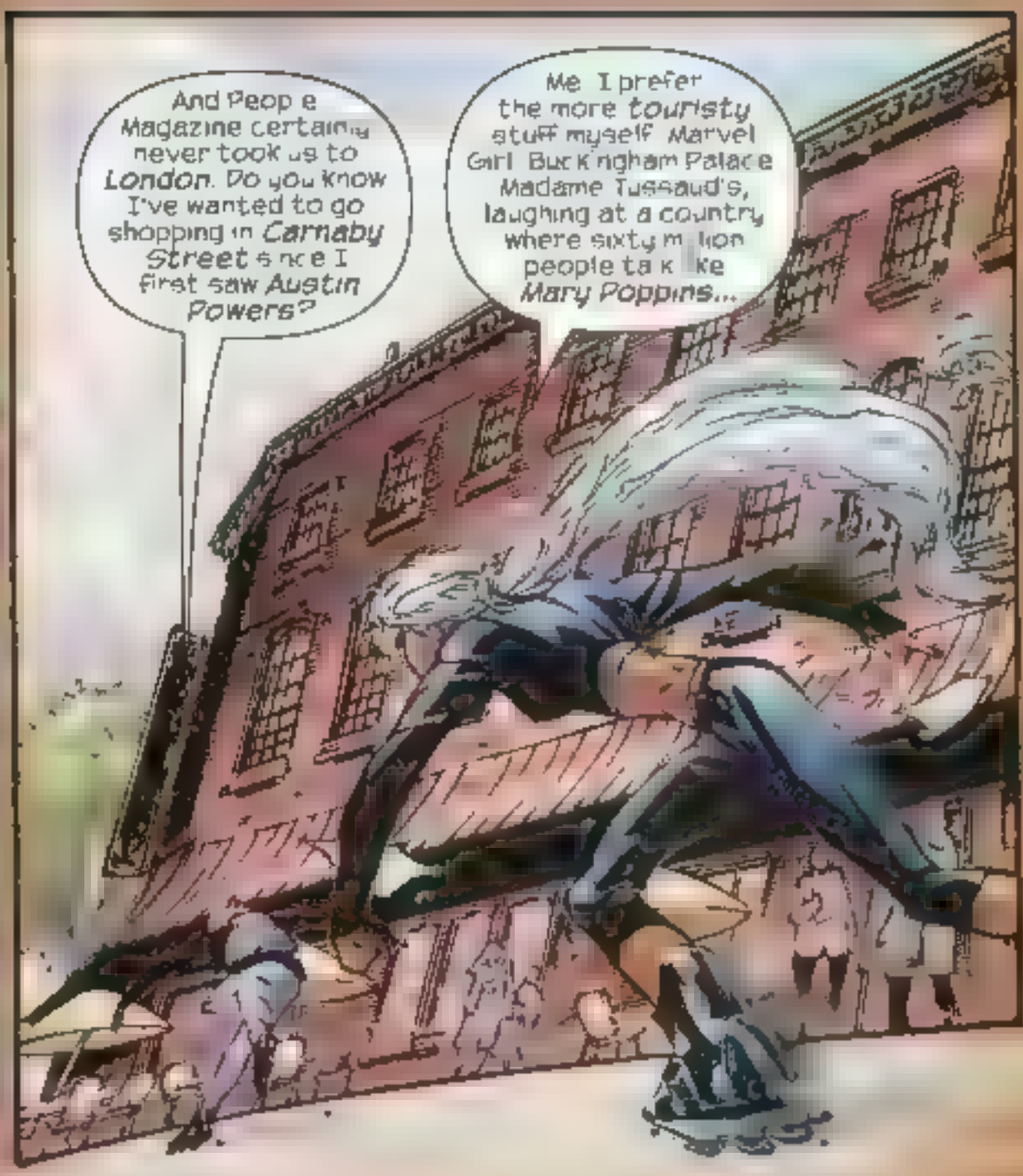
PART ONE

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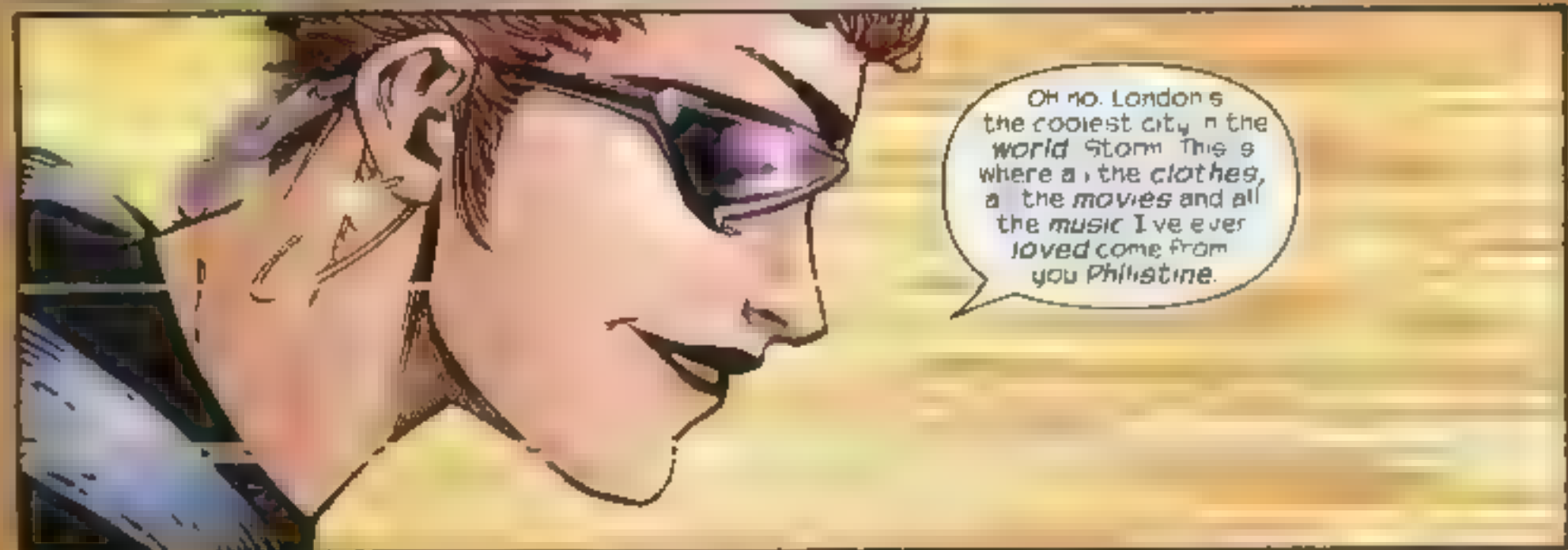


Well Cosmo didn't get the X-Men out of school in New York for an eight week promotional tour, Miss Munroe

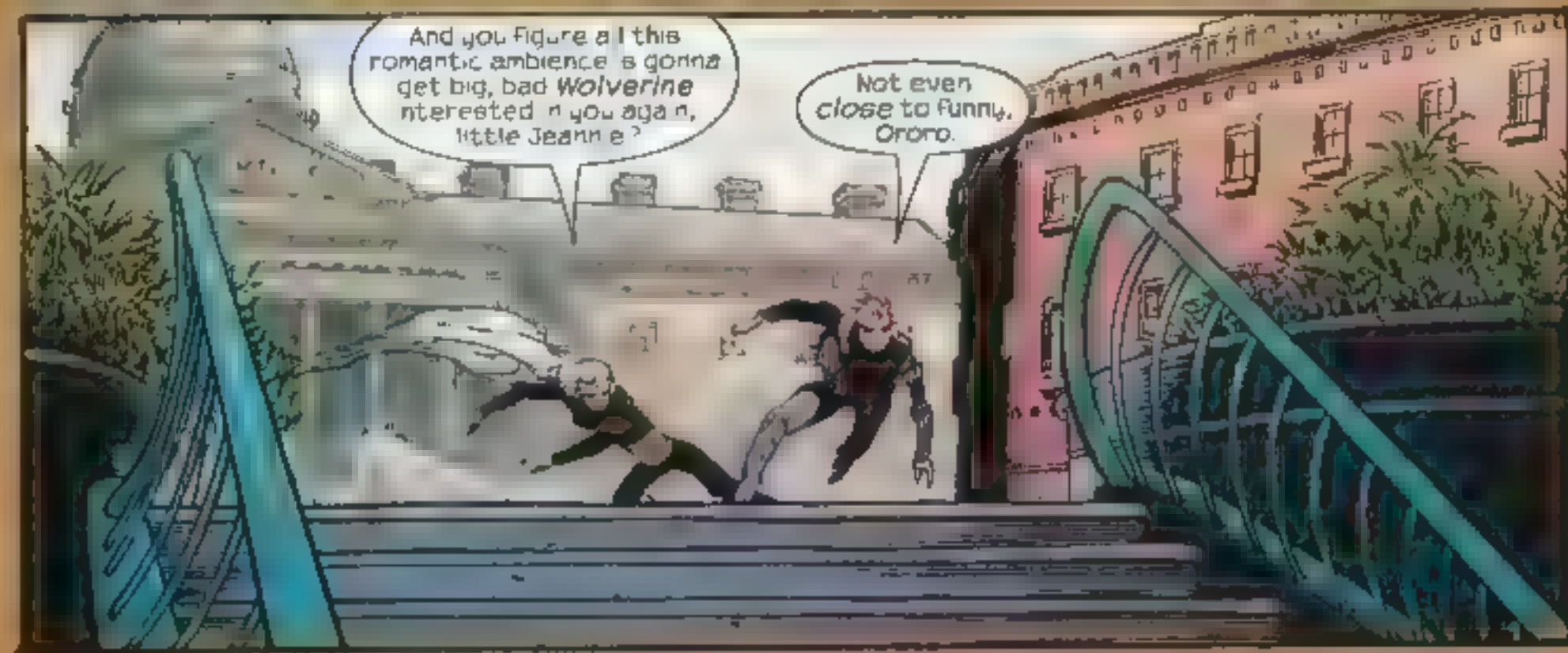


And People Magazine certainly never took us to London. Do you know I've wanted to go shopping in Carnaby Street since I first saw Austin Powers?

Me I prefer the more touristy stuff myself. Marvel Girl Buckingham Palace Madame Tussaud's, laughing at a country where sixty million people talk like Mary Poppins...



Oh no. London is the coolest city in the world. Storm. This is where all the clothes, all the movies and all the music I've ever loved come from you Philistine.



And you figure all this romantic ambience is gonna get big, bad Wolverine interested in you again, little Jeanne?

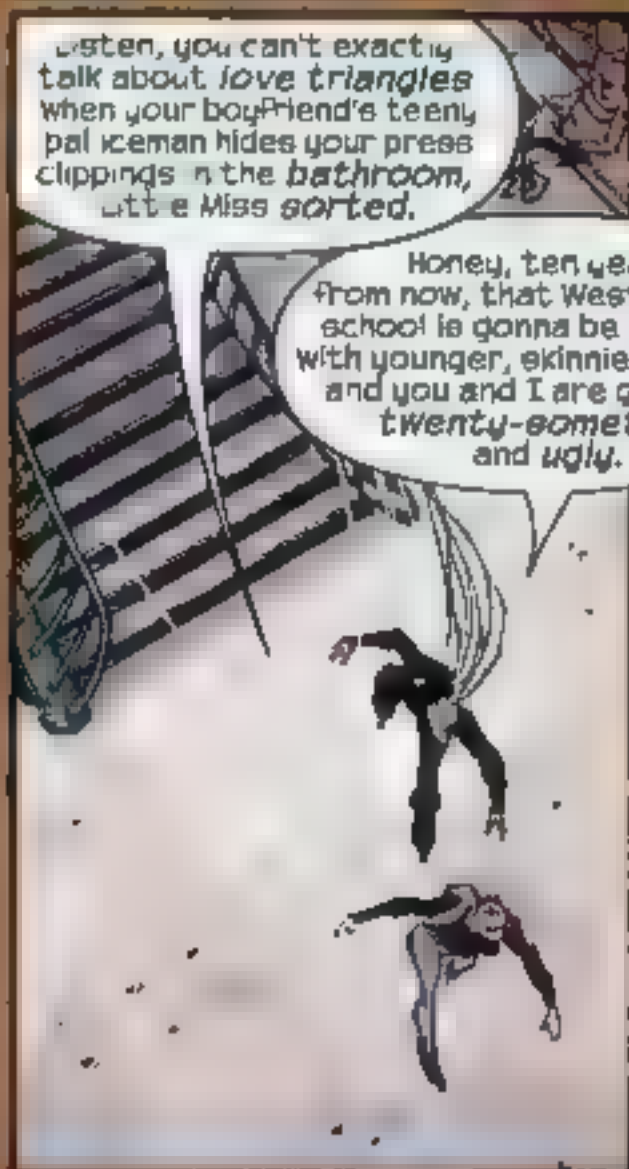
Not even close to funny, Ororo.



Besides, who cares about Wolverine when Cyclops is this close to plucking up the nerve? I've told you a million times. I'm glad that creep's been blanking me lately.



And each time's less convincing than the last, superhero.



Listen, you can't exactly talk about *love triangles* when your boyfriend's teeny pal iceman hides your press clippings in the *bathroom*, Little Miss sorted.

Honey, ten years from now, that Westchester school is gonna be brimming with younger, skinnier mutants and you and I are gonna be *twenty-something* and *ugly*.



Let's just enjoy the attention while we're the only girls on the team, baby.

WHOOH!

Crazy lady with a gun and a migraine at two o'clock, Storm.



I believe we've just found our target.

Sono

Mom, I'm an X-Man, for God's sake. Just because it's Sunday doesn't mean I'm coming home for dinner.

Well, just because you're an X-Man doesn't mean you're an orphan all of a sudden either, Bobby Drake.

We told Professor Xavier we didn't mind him training you to control this Iceman problem, but we didn't sign a permission slip for any round-the-world trips.

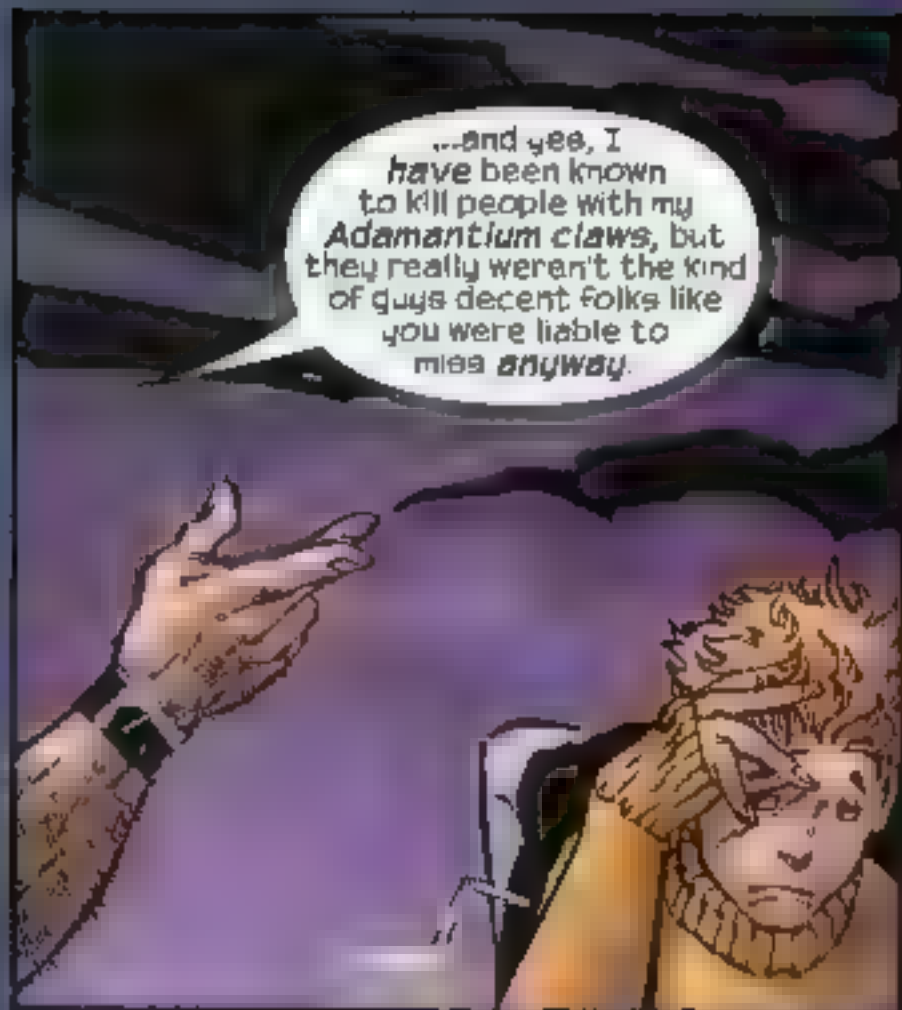
C'mon, Mom. It's only England, France, Spain, Italy and possibly Australia. I know I should have told you before, but how dangerous is a New Age lecture tour gonna be?

Have you any idea how much of an idiot you're making me look in front of my friends?

Just hand it over for a little sweet-talkin' from The Master, Ice-boy.

Mrs. Drake? This is Wolverine here, Ma'am. Your son is on a school trip to England at the moment, sweetheart, but I just wanted to assure you that Colossus and I are taking excellent.

Uh, yes, ma'am. Colossus is the big, good-looking guy who used to be an arms dealer for the Russian Mafia...



...and yee, I have been known to kill people with my **Adamantium claws**, but they really weren't the kind of guys decent folks like you were liable to miss *anyway*.



Uh-Huh.

Uh-Huh.

Uh-Huh.



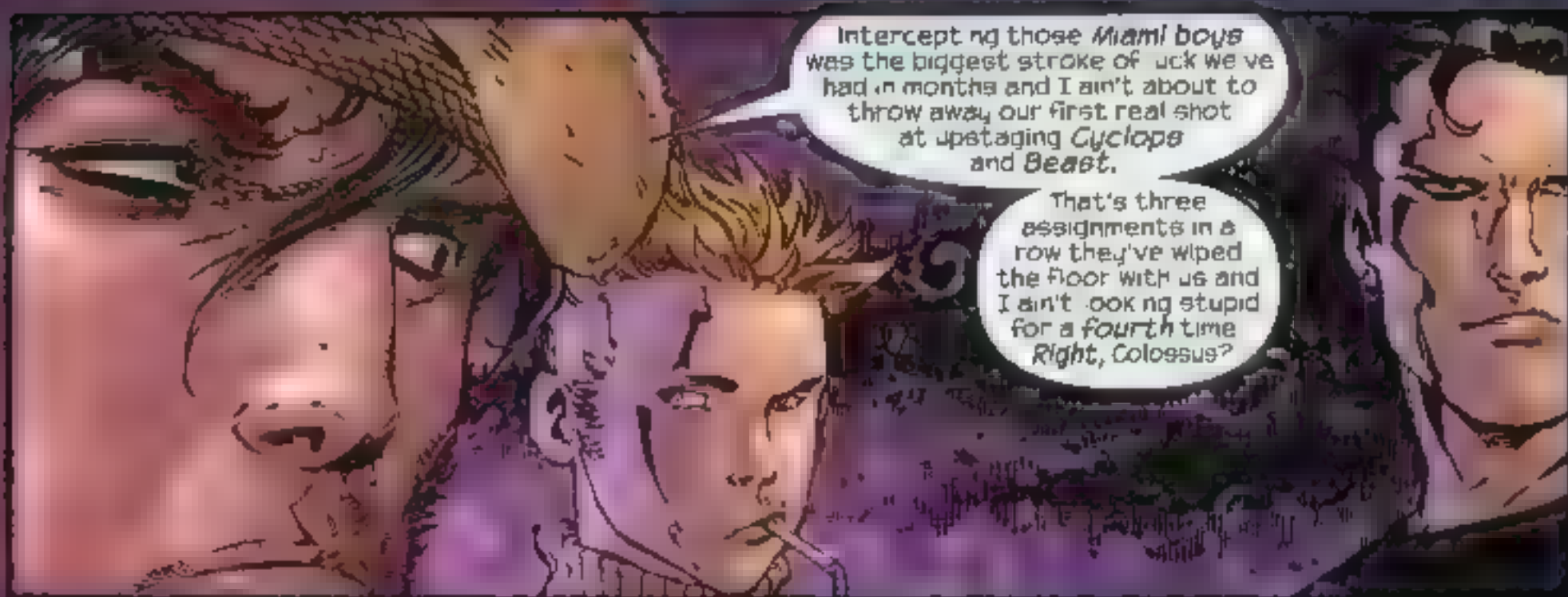
Well, that didn't exactly go as smoothly as planned.

Thanks a lot, Wolverine. I'm dead, you know that? Forget **Magneto** and the **Brotherhood of Mutants**, my Mom's our ultimate nemesis now.

Ah, by the time you get back home she'll be giving you an update on **Sunset Beach** again, kid.

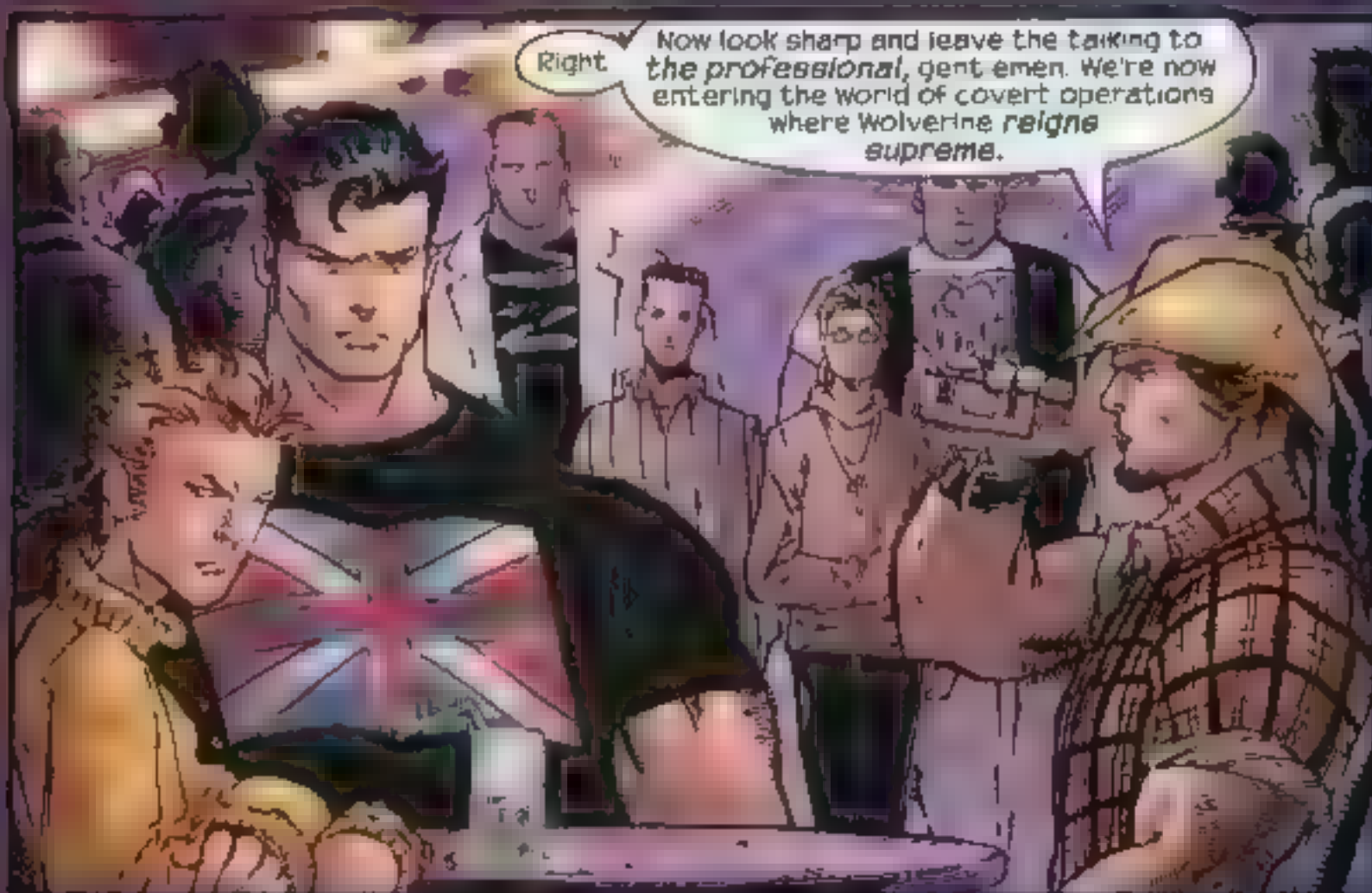
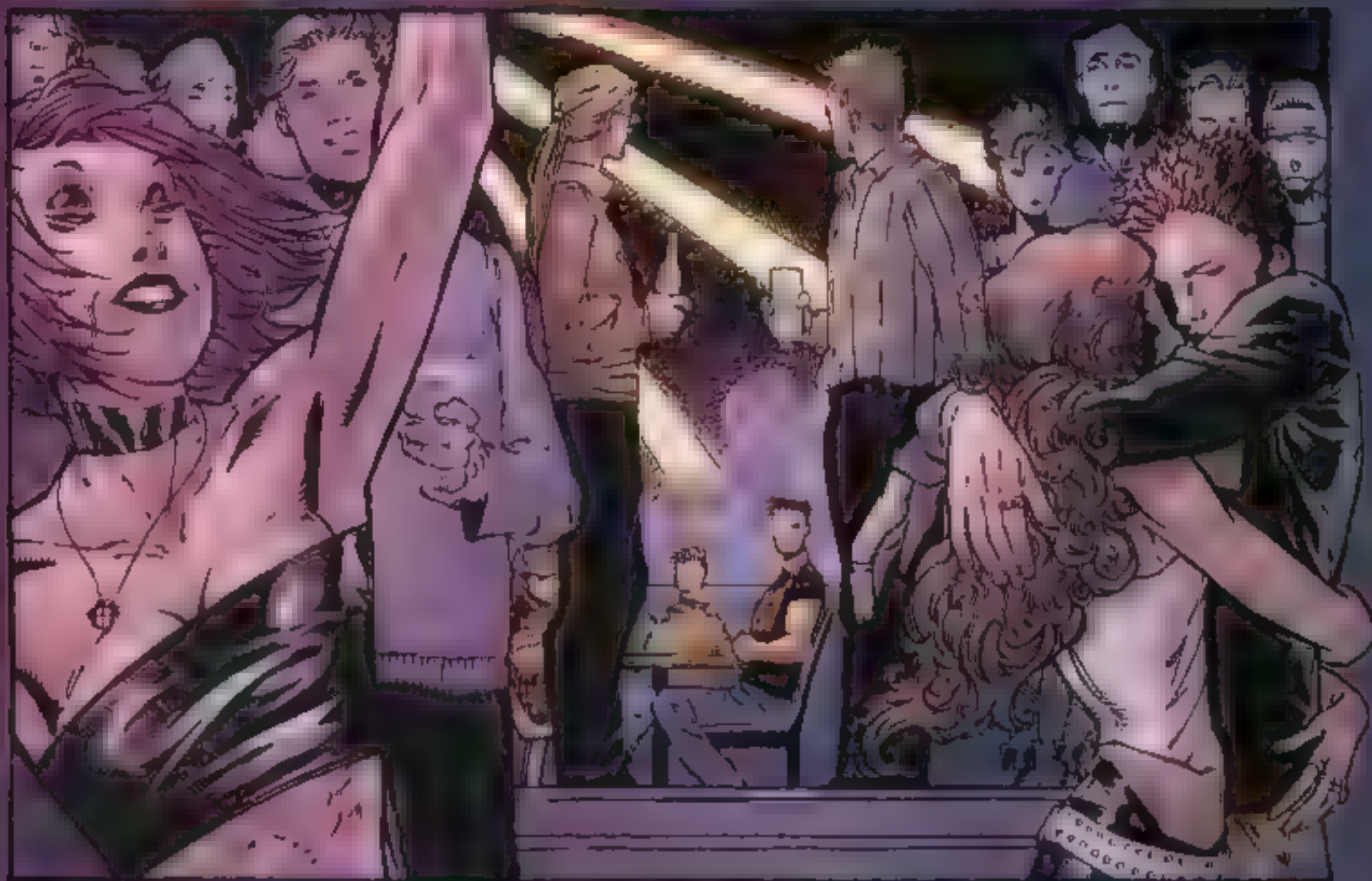
Besides, what are you doing leaving your *cellphone* on in the middle of a *narcotics sting*, bub? You trying to blow our cover here or *what*?





Intercepting those *Miami boys* was the biggest stroke of luck we've had in months and I ain't about to throw away our first real shot at upstaging *Cyclops* and *Beast*.

That's three assignments in a row they've wiped the floor with us and I ain't looking stupid for a *fourth* time. Right, *Colossus*?



Right.

Now look sharp and leave the talking to the *professional*, gentlemen. We're now entering the world of covert operations where *Wolverine* reigns supreme.

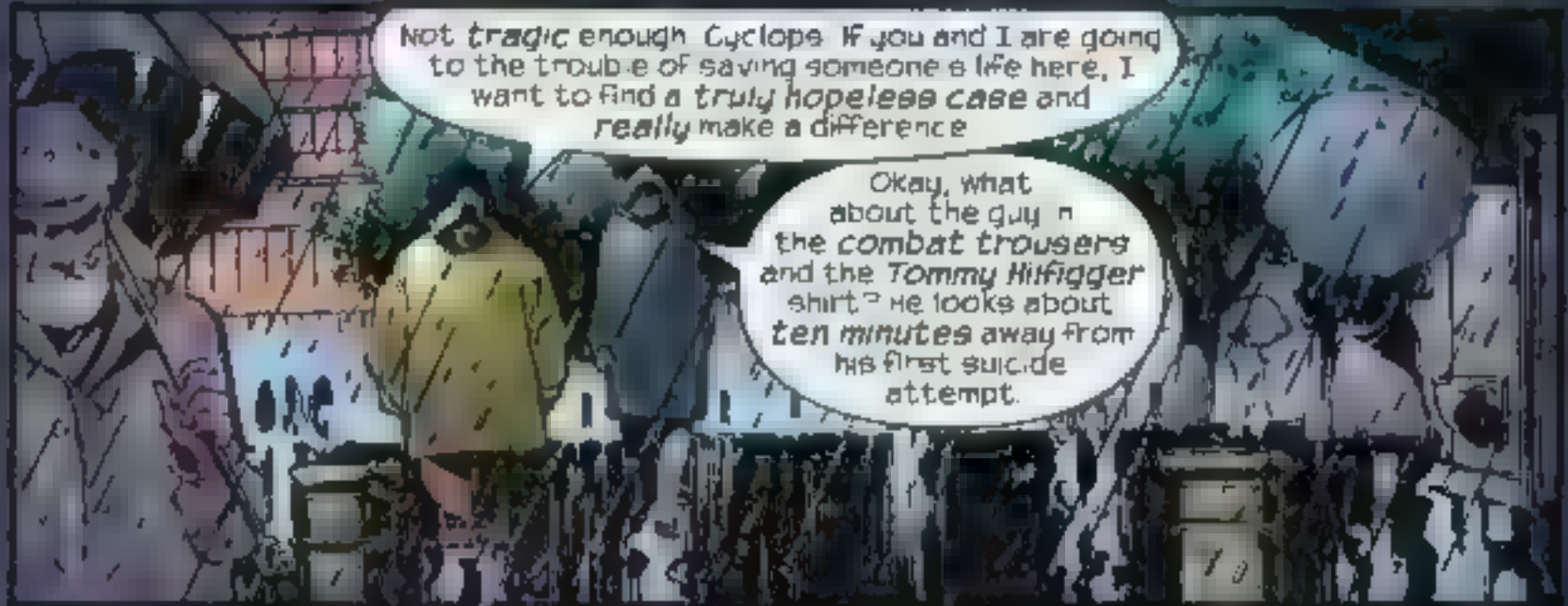
Good God.

Do these sodding Americans know the meaning of *inconspicuous*?





What about that woman over there?



Not tragic enough, Cyclops. If you and I are going to the trouble of saving someone's life here, I want to find a *truly hopeless case* and *really* make a difference.

Okay, what about the guy in the *combat trousers* and the *Tommy Hilfiger shirt*? He looks about *ten minutes* away from his first suicide attempt.



Are you *serious*? I don't want to spend the next two days of my life trying to reinvent some brain-dead *label-chaser* who needs a pair of pants to define him.



The guy's like a walking billboard.

Okay, Beast. You decide. You seem to have a special knack of finding us the projects with a guaranteed A Plus attached *anyway*, big man.



To tell you the *truth*, Mister Summers tonight's the project has already found us.

Well, class. That's your forty-eight hour *deadline* expired. Should we take a look at the morning papers and see how your exploits were reported in the *national press*?



Is that it? Are you really going up against us with a story about how you beat up some *muggers*?

Boys, you might have been sitting pretty at the top of the class three times in a row but something tells me my *associate* and I have just stolen your bright and sparkly *crown*.



Not necessarily Storm...

Ordinarily, yes, your position in the morning papers is an excellent indication of your actual *grade*, but I'm afraid today boasts *exceptional circumstances*.

Scott Summers and Henry McCoy come first yet *again*, my friends. The rest of you will have your papers returned *telepathically*.



What?

Not that I actually care about the *grade* or anything, but since when does kicking a few *PUNKS* around beat busting a multi-million dollar *heroin* operation?

Since you *maimed*, *killed* or *disfigured* over twenty human beings in a blaze of *Adamantium* *Fury*, Wolverine.



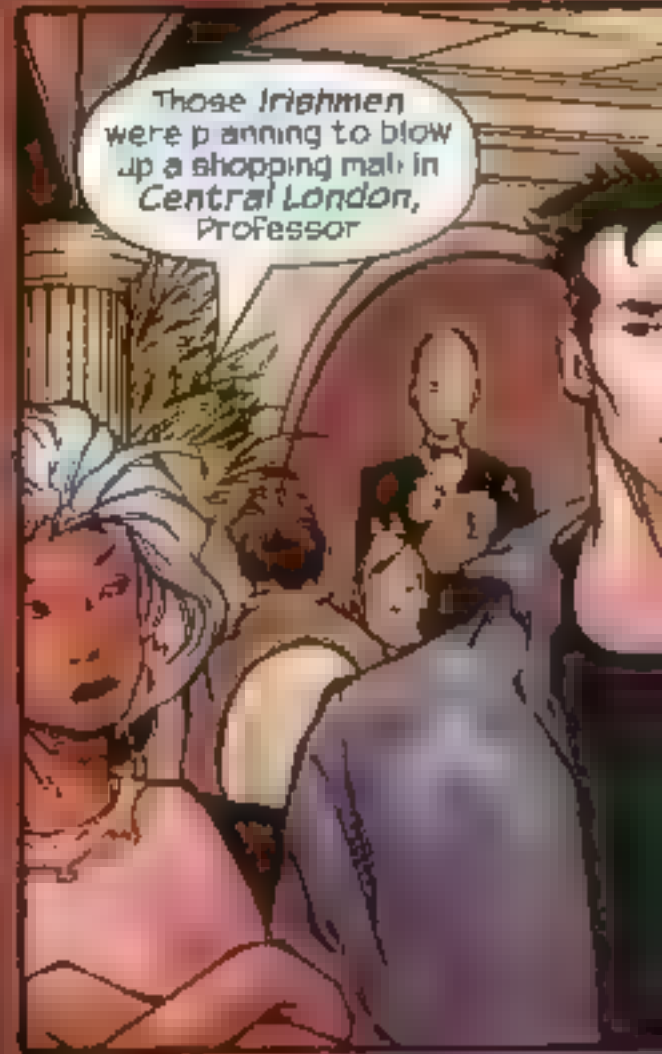
And I didn't form *this* school to train an army of *thugs*, Iceman. How can I tour the world asking for change when my students are clinging to the politics of the *ape-man*?



I don't like *prisons*, I don't like *capital punishment* and I don't like mutants dropping car-size *hailstones* on unsuspecting *Irishmen*...



Those *Irishmen* were planning to blow up a shopping mall in *Central London*, Professor



Storm and I took down a terrorist cell based in Tottenham Court Road, Professor Xavier. Britain's biggest-selling paper, pages one, two and three.



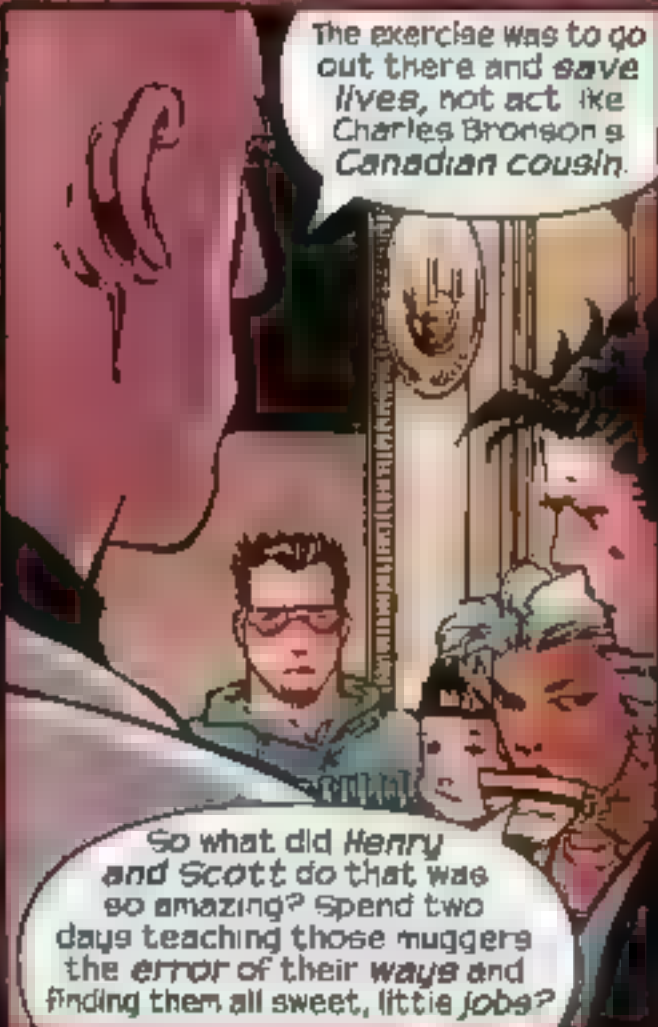
Me and the guys bust an international drugs ring stretching from Miami to Romania, Professor. Britain's second biggest paper, pages three, four and five.



Cyclops and I made short work of an ugly gang of muggers, sir. It never actually made the papers, but I did manage The Times crossword in something close to record time.



The exercise was to go out there and save lives, not act like Charles Bronson's Canadian cousin.



So what did Henry and Scott do that was so amazing? Spend two days teaching those muggers the error of their ways and finding them all sweet, little jobs?

Well, except for the two guys we checked into rehab, of course, but the Professor's contacts in the intelligence services promised them a post the minute they get out.

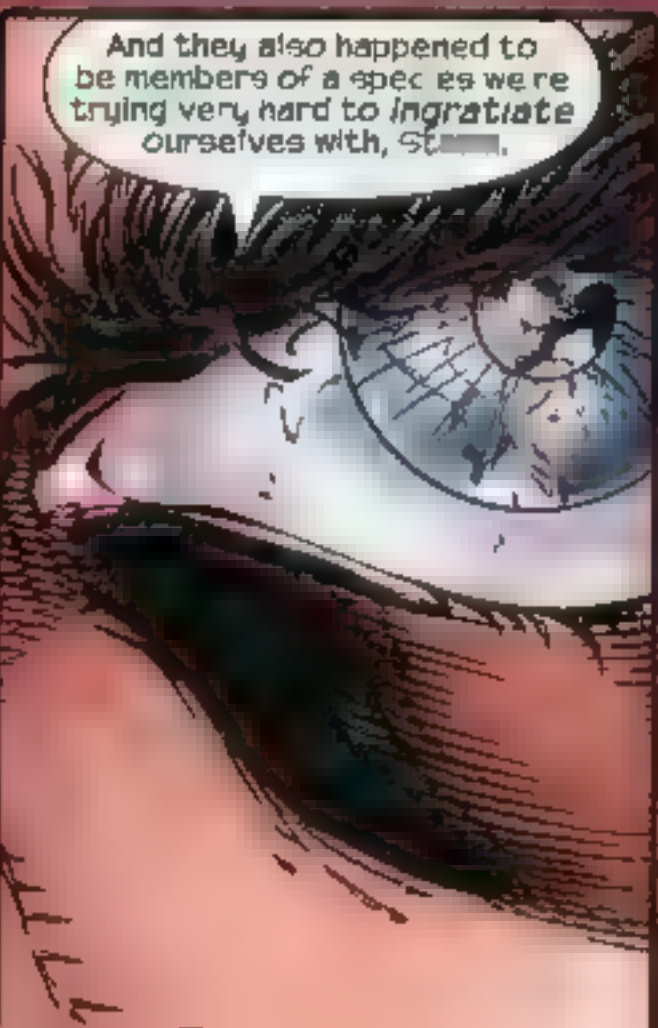


Oh, you've got to be kidding me

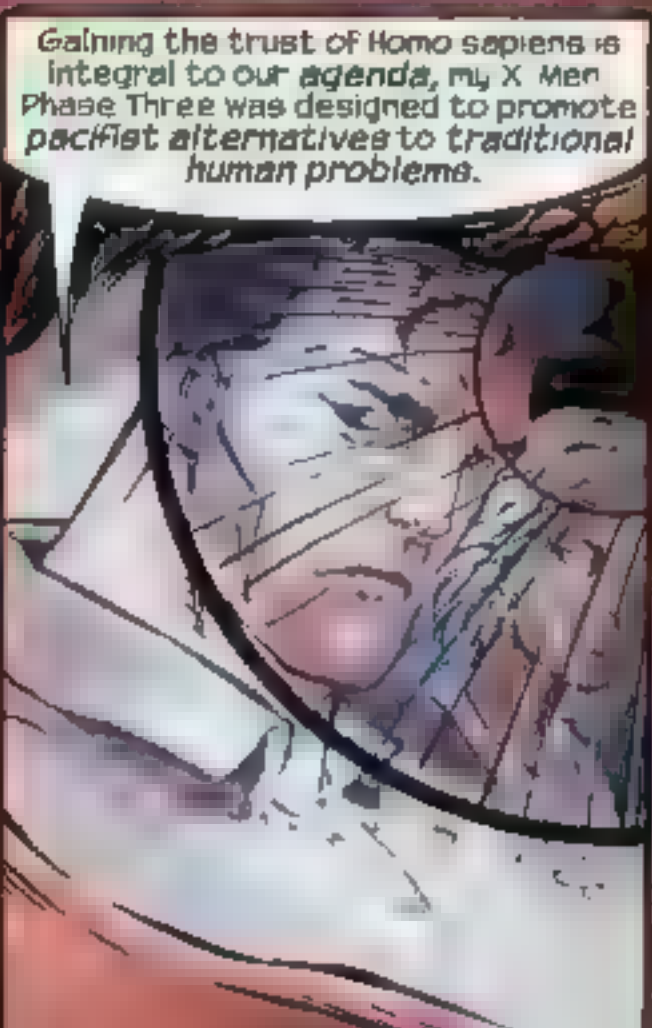
Tell me this isn't what the new term's all about, Professor, because I didn't drop out of regular school to become a freakin' social worker, man.



And they also happened to be members of a species we're trying very hard to ingratiate ourselves with, Storm.

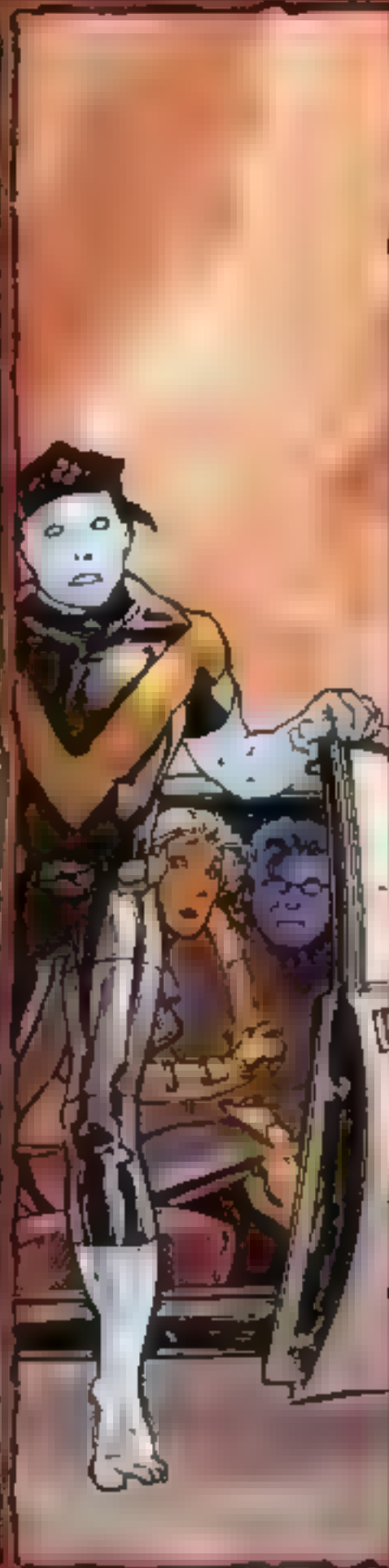


Gaining the trust of Homo sapiens is integral to our agenda, my X-Men. Phase Three was designed to promote pacifist alternatives to traditional human problems.



Don't give them any new excuses to hate us yet.





"Professor Xavier, on behalf of the audience, I'd just like to thank you for that inspirational lecture and open the floor up to the thousands of believers in the audience, sir."

"Is there anyone out there who'd like to ask the leader of the X-Men a question?"

"No, Professor. I was just curious how these X-Men operations are funded, sir. Is it true you use your psychic powers to manipulate stocks and shares?"

"No, the cars, the planes and my secret New York school are all paid for out of my inheritance, young man."

"It's true I play the stock market, but I'd never use my powers for anything as tawdry as personal financial gain."

"Did you really mean it when you said you don't have to be a mutant to be an X-Man?"



"Of course. The ideas outlined in the book are a manifesto for man and mutant-kind to live in *harmony*.

"An intelligent person doesn't have to be *x-factor positive* to put on a uniform and head out there to make a difference in their *neighborhood*."

"What about this rumor that there's a *second* school you've started, Professor Xavier? An island off the coast of *Europe* even your pupils don't know about?"

"Is it true what they say on the Internet about a school where you're training less *socially acceptable* mutants?"

"I'm afraid I'm not in the *habit* of responding to *Internet speculation*, Miss. Next question, please."

"Professor Xavier! Do the scenes which greeted you and your students outside the Hall tonight ever make you *resentful* of the human race?"



"Professor?"



"I'm *sorry*, Professor.
Should he repeat the
question?"



"No, no. That won't
be *necessary*."



"I teach my students
the importance of
turning the other cheek,
but one can never get
used to *hate*, young man."

"Next question,
please."



He's
what?

Gone. According to reception, Colossus checked out at 3AM and took a cab to the airport with an unknown male and female.

You don't think he might have, you know, gone over to the other side or anything, do you?

Not a chance, Jeannie. Believe me, I know his good from bad and Peter Rasputin ain't the type to do the dirty on his pals.



I don't like the way you were looking at me when you said that, Wolverine.

What do you think, Professor? Colossus had been unusually quiet these last couple of weeks. Do you think he's just walked out on the team or is this something more nefarious?

Professor?

Could you excuse me for a moment, please?



Muir Island, Scotland:



The
scramblers are
on, Moira. What's
the problem?



What's the *problem*?
God almighty, where
do I start?

The hospital's
been trashed, my staff are
half-dead and Agents Braddock and
Thomas from the British division of
S.H.I.E.L.D. have just placed me under
house arrest until *you* get here, Charlie.

What are we
going to do? He could
be *anywhere* by now!



What are
you *talking*
about, Moira?
Is this about
David?

Of course it's
about David. Who
else would I be
talking about, you
bloody idiot?



Our son's
escaped,
Charles.

TO BE CONTINUED

